

based on A true story

HAUNTED FOR LIFE

by johnny paris

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INTRODUCTION

"Haunted for life" is a short mini stories of real people

All stories are based on real events.

No fiction has been adapted from the original story .

In this book people will tell their story about ,ghost,demons ,haunted house and sleeping paralysis and more .

Many people in the world had at least one paranormal story ,some speak

And some keep the secret , and will never tell and fear about what people will think of them .

I'm doing my research of different stories in different country ,so if you have a true story

Contact me and if your story is good enough it will be published in "Haunted for life II "

Now take a breath , relax and you will enjoy each scary stories , ill suggest you if you like to be scare read them alone .

D'ONT BE TOO SCARE THEY MIGHT BE SITTING NEXT TO YOU

JOHNNY PARIS .

The Death Song

I would like to first make a brief introduction about my grandmother. She is a very spiritual person. She believes in God and is very religious but at the same time, she also believes in elemental and supernatural beings. When I was a kid, I kind of thought of her as a little "odd LADY "and not someone whom kids and would love to have her as a grandmother. But as I grow up, I begin to believe that most of the things she said are real.

This story happened in our house in Cavite at around April, 2007. Our house is somewhat eerie and I've heard stories about our place from the neighbours. However, for me, it's my comfort zone.

My grandmother that time was already very sick. She had gone through 3 strokes and her age was already taking a toll on her health. Our garage was converted into a room since all the rooms in our house are located on the 2nd floor and my grandmother could no longer go up and down the stairs.

My uncle was staying with her and both the TV and radio were running overtime (as that is how my grandmother prefers her surrounding to be). The noise from her room was faint yet audible in my sister and my room upstairs and I have been so used to it that I can already sleep through the night with that as a background.

This one particular night I woke up at 3 am to the sound of a lonely melody being sung in high pitch by a beautiful voice. It was a lovely song and the woman's voice was lovely too, but it was very sad and ethereal. It was very clear but I dismissed it as just another sound from grandma's room and went back to sleep.

On the second day, I woke up to the same music at the same time but it sounds much clearer now. This time I went down to see if it's really from my grandma's room. The moment I set foot on the third or fourth step of our stairs (I can't remember the exact number of steps), it stopped and I could no longer hear it. I went back to our room and there it was again as if it's only audible in my room. Strange thing is, my sister seems to be undisturbed by what I'm hearing. I told my parents about it and they decided to sleep in our room.

On the 3rd day it happened again. I woke up at 3 and started humming to the tune of the lonely lullaby. I'm fully aware of what I was doing and my dad woke up quite creeped out at seeing me sitting on the bed humming a strange lullaby. He tapped me hard and shouted "hoy!" which woke my mom up too. They thought I was in a trance but I told them I decided to sing to it because it's so beautiful I wanted to remember it in the morning.

On the fourth day the unthinkable happened. The song didn't play, but about 5 am my uncle started calling out to my dad and I rushed to the stairs only to see my dad carrying my grandmother who was wide-eyed and frozen. My uncle said she choked and stopped breathing. She was rushed to the hospital and was confined in the ICU. Three days later, her sons decided to let her rest.

We did not return home for a week. We decided to stay in Guadalupe where her wake was held. I'm still living in the same house and I don't

really mind the other unseen beings there. But up to this moment I'm still wondering if the death singer was a banshee.

A Scary Sleepover

In 1964, I was 20 and I had 2 friends from France who had come to visit Mauritius. They were staying at some local friends of mine in Vacoas.

We agreed that one night, I would also stay over there for fun.

We had a great day. We went to a place called "I"ile aux Cerfs", on the east coast of Mauritius. We spent the day just swimming, playing, eating and checking for girls. It's a beautiful place but has now become the property of a hotel group. It has become very touristic.

Anyway, after that beautiful day, we went to eat pizza then went to the pictures to watch a movie. I forgot what it was.

We came late, at around 23h00. We were exhausted but so happy. The parents of my friends were very cool and enjoyed to be with young people. We had some coffee and a nice cake and we chatted up to around 1h30 - 2h00. Then all of us just went into their bedroom. I was given a mattress to sleep on in the lounge and the mattress was laid between the couch and armchairs.

After having a last goodbye, I went to brush my teeth. As I was doing so, I kind of noticed someone passing by the bathroom door in the reflection of the mirror. What was strange is that I did not hear walking. I finished my

business, switched off the bathroom light and walked in the corridor to reach the lounge. I was expecting to see someone but the room was empty. I checked around and noticed that everybody had gone to sleep. Some were already snoring.

I shrugged it off as being tired, I set my covers, etc... Then switched off the light. As I laid down on the mattress and about to fall asleep, I heard someone walking in the corridor and coming towards the lounge. It was now dark but the light outside would slightly light the room through the curtains. I heard the steps come into the lounge as if someone was walking barefoot and walk around my mattress and sit on the couch. I heard this distinctive "pouf" sound when sitting. Since I was laying on my left side, I could not see. I just turned to see who it was and... Daze! No one was there. The light outside would slightly light the couch and there was nobody in that couch. I looked around and no one. I said, "Who is there"? Then "Hello?" Nothing. I freaked out. I jumped off my mattress and switched on the light. The room was as empty as a shell.

I walked to the rooms to see if someone was up but everybody were dead asleep. I did not know what to do. I remained still for a while to hear if there was some noises but there was an eerie silence. I could hear the snoring but otherwise, it was dead silent.

It took me a good 15 minutes before going back to the mattress, but I remained alert for a while. Then I started to drift to sleep but was suddenly awoken by breathing in the lounge. I stood up and looked around. Nothing and no one. Then I heard noises in the kitchen. It was like kitchenware being moved. I knew something was not right. I switched on the light and remained still. I heard other movements in the house. I was nervous and breathing heavy. My heart was pounding like crazy.

I finally left the lights on and sat on the armrest of an armchair. It was now over 3 am. I could not sleep and was sensitive to any movement in the house. The noises in the kitchen had stopped and I could from time to time hear like a slight swift sound in the corridor. To feel safer, I opened the curtains and I could see outside. The yard in front of the house was calm and the lawn was wet. The street lamp was lighting up the surrounding as well as the inside of the lounge. Everything remained still for 10 to 15 mns. Then I heard movement in the corridor. I saw the shadow of someone against the wall of the corridor. This was odd since the light was shining from the lounge and the shadow should logically not appear on the wall in direction of the lounge (if you understand what I'm saying). I waited a bit and asked who it was but after receiving no answer, I moved slowly in order to see who was in the corridor. I then saw my friend (the owner of the house), standing on one side of the corridor. I just said "hello" and told him I was sorry but I could not sleep. As I was trying to explain to him what was happening, he just walked away and walked in the bathroom without switching the light on.

I found this odd and followed him. When I switched on the light I got the fright of my life! No one was there! There was one small window with iron bars and he could definitely not escape there. I then opened the door of the room where my friend was sleeping and saw him in a deep sleep, the mouth open and slightly snoring. I understood I had just seen a ghost or a doppelganger.

Scared, but impossible to do else, I went back into the lounge with my hair standing up and feeling like followed. I remained awake and prayed the "Our Father" and mentioned Jesus as often as I could.

I finally sat in an armchair until I saw the first morning lights. I must have fallen asleep when I was awoken by the father of my friend. He was going out to buy bread. It was around 6h30. I had only slept not more than 1 or

1h30. He asked me why I was sleeping in the armchair and the curtains were open. I told him about the events of the night. He looked at me a bit concerned and asked me if I was ok. I said apart the very little sleep, I was fine.

When he came back about half an hour later, he prepared coffee and we sat. He told me that the house above his (it was a block of 4 houses) was haunted and empty for quite a while. He experienced quite a lot of paranormal events in his house. A lot of doppelganger as well as noises, footsteps, moving objects, etc but he assured me that nothing was of a threatening nature. For years of staying in this house which he was renting, he felt safe despite the paranormal events.

When my friends woke up, at around 8h30, we talked about these events while having breakfast. My friend (one of the sons of the house) then told me about his personal experiences which were a bit more intense such as sleep paralysis (3 times), bad dreams, doppelganger as well as shadows, noises, entity, etc.

The friends from France were very skeptical and tried to convinced me that because I was so tired from the previous day, I mixed dreams with reality.

Anyway, I did not sleep there during the night and never did after.

Camping Next To A Cemetery

I was still living in Singapore when it happened. I was in grade 6 I think, not so sure. But one day it was decided that my class and two other classes

were going on a camping trip, 3 days and 2 nights. It turned out that the place where we were camping at was right next to a cemetery. I don't really remember the name of the place though. There were two long houses made of wood, one for the girls and one for the boys. Inside it were two rows of double bunk beds on each side all the way to the other end.

On the first day we did a lot of activities and etc. When night time came all the girls and guys went inside to get ready for bed. These two houses had two huge double doors, really tall. So everyone was pretty tired and soon drifted off to sleep. I slept on top of the bunk bed. By the way at this age I was such a scaredy cat.

Back to story, I suddenly woke up and I don't really know why exactly, it was around 2am. I could hear someone making this panic noise (like someone was scared making these tiny scream noises) on the other side in front (the other row of bunk beds). So I got up and crawled to the end of my bed to check out what it was. It was dark but I could still see in the dark. My heart was beating faster and faster at this point.

I looked around to see where the noise was, and there it was, a girl from the other class was at the bottom of the bunk bed, she was panicking so much and tried to wake her friend sleeping next to her. Her bed was right next to the huge doors. And so I was wondering what she was scared of until I looked what was right next to her. It was this woman with long white hair, white dirty skin, white dress, and she had an eye on her forehead. The woman was staring at the girl and pointing at her with her long nails. Her nails seemed so rotten.

I just froze, I got so scared and my heart was beating so fast that I thought I was going to get a heart attack. I didn't dare to move cause everytime I move the bed makes noises, the bunk beds are pretty old. I was afraid that

the woman would turn to me if she heard the noise. So I silently watched as the woman reached her finger closer to the girl. Her friend wouldn't wake up so she quickly jumped over to her friends' side of the bed and hid under her blanket. The woman was still there though, but I also wanted to hide under my blanket and so I did as fast and quietly as I could. I didn't even breathe, I was dead quiet. But eventually I drifted off to sleep. Nothing happened after that.

On the second night scary things were happening again. It was around 9pm when we had a tiny concert in an outside hall. Then soon it got to 10 pm, my friends and I needed to tinkle so we went to the outside toilets that were far away on the other side near the cemetery. There were three of us. We went into the female's bathroom and it was pitch black in there. There were three bathroom stalls. The lights did not work, and we got creeped out, especially me. We really needed to pee so one was holding the door open so that light could get in, one to go pee and one to just stand there which was me and wait for my friend to finish peeing. So then when she finished, my other friend went and did her business and I had to hold the door. And it was finally my turn to pee. Gosh, I was so relieved that it was finally my turn.

And while I was peeing, my friends that were holding the door open yelled my name to hurry and finish up cause they saw this ghost with long black hair on the ceiling where the last stall was. They told me something was there and then I panicked and pulled my pants up and opened the toilet stall door. And by the time my friends saw me coming out, they just ran off. I didn't even dare to look at what was at the ceiling. The door almost closed on me and I quickly opened it as fast as I could and ran like hell. I caught up to my friends that were still running. Like how could they just run and leave me?! Gosh.

While we were running, we heard loud running footsteps behind us which seemed like it was coming faster and faster after us. We did not want to look back, just kept on running. All of us screamed like hell and kept on running and running. I panicked so much. I didn't know what to do other than running. The footsteps were still there and by the time we finally reached the hall where everyone was, we turned around and found nothing, the footsteps were also gone. It was so loud though. Our hearts were beating like there was no tomorrow.

It was then 12am and everyone went to get ready for bed. This time I was sleeping on the bottom of the bunk bed. Everyone went off to sleep and so did I. The bunkbeds on my side were where the windows are right behind us. The windows aren't like the normal windows. I don't know how to describe them but, it is really easy to hear from outside. So then once again I suddenly woke up. This time it was nearly 4am. I then started to think of what happened and got so scared. I could hear something from behind which was outside of the window. I didn't really know what it was until it got louder and louder, yes the footsteps again. This time it sounded like someone walking really slow. It was even creepier than the previous one.

I tried waking my friend by shaking her really hard who was sleeping next to me but she too wouldn't wake up. I still heard the footsteps and my heart was beating really fast. I quickly climbed up to my other friend and hid under her blanket. She was still sleeping though, she thought I was a pillow so she put her leg and her hand over me. I felt safer. (lol) And so I fell asleep.

It was 8am when I and everyone else woke up. We packed and left. I will never return to that place every again.

Thats what we get from camping next to a cemetery right?



Closet Ghost - Cry Of The Little Girl

My story begins about a year ago. I've lived in my house for about 10 years. For the past 5 I have lived downstairs in my basement, the only rooms down there when we moved in were the bathroom and laundry room. My dad and mom created my bedroom in order for my aunt to move in with us, after a year she moved out making me chose the room down stairs to stay in.

Ever since I moved in to my room I have always got a strange feeling coming from the closet. There are no doors attached to it so you can just look right inside. At night, when I'm trying to sleep, I have to keep myself from looking, feeling like something is going to be looking right back on

me. Out of all my friends that have spent the night at my house, they also got that feeling that something would look at them if they looked at night.

Nothing but that has particularly happened. But last year while I was sleeping, I could feel something press down on the covers. Me being scared, I ignored it and covered my head and went back to sleep. About a few weeks later, my friend was staying the night. We were watching a movie and during one part we heard someone laugh. Now we know it wasn't from the movie because no one really laughs in Harry Potter like we heard. We dismissed it and watched the movie.

The next night, my friend had gone home and I was by myself, for my parents we're out enjoying a night together. My little sister was down the street at a friend's house for the night. While I was just about to fall asleep, I felt a small hand touch mine and heard a little girl say "mommy". I don't know what it wanted but I know it freaked me out a little bit.

Haunted And Exhausted

I'm a true horror movie fan and have always loved ghost hunting shows and anything to do with the paranormal. If my next-door neighbour told me that her house was haunted, I would have to go check it out. I've always been curious about ghosts and found the whole idea fascinating. No horror movie was ever too much for me to handle (although *The Exorcist* came pretty close). I was always interested in hearing other people's ghost stories and imagined what it would be like to experience these occurrences for myself. Well, I am no longer curious about what it is like to be haunted. The events that have taken place in my home for the last 8 months have proven that we are not alone.

We moved into my grandparent's old place this past December, which is right upstairs from my parents in a two-family home. My grandparents passed away peacefully years ago within about two years from each other and no one has lived there since. My parents would rent the upstairs just for the summer to some close friends but that's it. I lived in the same house (just downstairs) for years as I was growing up and never noticed anything that would lead me to believe we had a ghost. Now it's a whole new ball of wax.

The whole thing started with very subtle events. We usually fall asleep with the bedroom TV on and it started switching off on its own here and there. It eventually would switch off every night after we went to sleep. I woke up like clockwork almost every night soon after I fell asleep to see that it was off and my husband was sound asleep. This freaked me out but it was easy enough to shrug off and attribute it to the fact that we had an old house and an old TV so there could have been a valid reason that it was happening. This is the only strange occurrence that would happen on a regular basis until the summertime.

As the weather got warmer, activity started to increase. The dining room light would flicker every night when it started getting late. On our way to bed one night, my husband turned off the living room TV then went to the dining room to shut off the light. The TV turned back on when he reached for the light switch so he went to switch off the TV again in the living room and the dining room light went off! This is what started me thinking that a ghost could have been switching off the TV in my room at night. My husband used to place his cell phone down next to the bedroom TV at night and it would have a low battery by the time we woke up. We thought the battery was bad until he decided to leave it in a different spot and it was just fine the next day.

I was sleeping one night and felt what seemed like my husband getting out of bed. The mattress bounced a little and settled as if a weight had been lifted, but I looked over and my husband was sound asleep. The same thing happened and woke me up again later in the night. It was difficult to sleep not knowing what was going on in my room and what to expect next, so this caused a few sleepless nights.

One night, we were watching TV in the living room and my daughter was watching a movie in her bedroom. I could see the reflection of her room off of the dining room window. My eyes started wandering as I was thinking and as I was randomly looking into the reflection of her room, I saw a shadow move across her doorway. I had an immediate anxiety attack and grabbed my husband's arm to tell him quietly what I saw when my daughter started yelling for me. Startled, I walked over to her room and she told me she saw a "statue" and that she wanted to stay with me. I told her there was nothing to worry about and that she's safe, but because I knew what she was talking about I stayed with her.

My daughter had a hard time sleeping without me so I would rest with her until she fell asleep. I fell asleep there anyway half the time because her mattress is so comfortable. She also had a couch in her room and there were many nights when my husband would sleep there because his back hurt. We needed a new mattress as you can guess! Whatever or whoever is in the house does not like this sleeping arrangement. This is when the paranormal activity really started picking up pace.

My husband and I would wake up to some type of noise every night. Sometimes it would be a knock or more commonly footsteps in the room next to the bed. I know the house very well and even though it was built in 1940, I can tell the difference between footsteps and your typical settling. I practically lost my breath the night I woke up to my daughter's mattress shaking as if someone was pushing it back and forth for the sole purpose of

waking us up. Another night, I woke up to footsteps then heard a rapping on the floor almost like a gallop noise that you could make with your knuckles if you had huge hands. Of course, the galloping noise was right in front of my daughter's small ride-on pony that makes no noise. That almost seemed like a bad joke.

We have seen and heard plenty of other things while watching TV in the living room. I had a curtain hanging between the dining room and the kitchen because I wanted to contain the air conditioning to the living and dining room during a heat wave we were having. It looked like someone was trying to open the curtain for a while but was not successful, and then it stopped. My husband once saw a smoky figure zoom from the bathroom into the kitchen and disappear, and so on.

My daughter ended up in bed with us one night because I was too tired to tuck her in for the fifth time. She popped her head up just as I was falling asleep and screamed at the top of her lungs, "Who's that!" I heard footsteps walking from where she was pointing. This scared the daylights out of all of us. She fell asleep after a while but my husband and I were totally shaken and kept waking up to footsteps. They were slow and very quiet, but they were noticeable nonetheless. We went to the living room at 12:30 in the morning because we couldn't sleep. My daughter soon awoke and squished onto the couch with us and finally fell asleep.

We were still lying on the couch when we heard loud, defined footsteps coming from the kitchen and into the dining room very quickly. It was almost as if time froze and we looked at each other bracing ourselves because we were sure that whatever or whoever this is was about to present itself to us. As we heard the footsteps storming our way through the house we thought for sure whatever it was, was coming around the corner any second, so I jumped off the couch and opened the front door

ready to grab my daughter and high-tail it downstairs to my mother's house. This is our last experience and it happened the night before last.

The only thing that seems to get us a decent night's sleep is when I pray before bed. People I've told laughed at this but the truth is that it's the only thing that works. I want desperately to make the whole thing stop because I am so exhausted. Like I mentioned earlier, I love horror movies but I am now afraid to watch them because I fear I'll be up all night waiting for something to happen and these events seem to last longer and get louder every time they occur. I wonder if my grandparents wanted to tell me something before they passed away. I just know that they wouldn't be the type to play jokes and keep us up all night or scare my daughter for that matter. I think I might do what I've been trying not to and that is visit a psychic. I'll keep you updated.

Face In The Curtains

My family and I are Spiritual people that attend church weekly and try to live a good and honorable life. I consider myself somewhat of a skeptic on ghosts. That doesn't mean I don't believe in them, though. I've had an experience with something that defies explanation. It's taken me nearly 30 years to share this with anyone.

When I was 4 years old, I was awakened to the sounds of moaning, wailing, and evil laughter. Quickly, I noticed a huge set of eyes on the thick, wool curtains in my bedroom. The eyes themselves, were yellow in color and were roughly the size of a baseball. No other facial features were on the curtain. Instinctively, I jumped out of bed and ran to the door which I found to be locked from the outside.

I remember pounding on the door, and the "thing" laughing at me.

Next, I ran and dove under my bed. I clearly remember having a bed skirt on my bed, and this "thing" lifted the skirt and put its head under the bed;

looking straight at me. I quickly scrambled from underneath the bed, and was left with no other choice but to grab a pillow and stick it over my head.

The last thing I remember of the whole ordeal was my parents running in my room and me vomiting all over the floor. My folks obviously downplayed the whole thing, chalking it up to the average kid's nightmare.

I'm well into my 30's now, and the whole thing is as vivid as if it happened yesterday. To this day, I don't know what it was. Bed skirts aren't allowed in my house. And now that I'm a father, I try to keep an open mind if and when my kids say they've seen something.



Footsteps In The Nursery

I and my partner live in a four bedroom dormer bungalow. The house is located 3 miles from the nearest town and is so peaceful and quiet. The house we are living in is a new construction just over 4 years old. Across the field is an old hospital which is now an Old People's Hospital. At the top of the road is an old church ruin with a graveyard to the side.

Last November (2009) our little daughter was born. Everything went great and we all settled in well at home. On April 1st of this year (2010) the baby went into her own room. For the first few weeks everything went well, she was put down at half 7 every night and went off to sleep without a

problem. The nursery is just above the sitting room. We are not sure when things started in the nursery but we think it was around the start of May.

One night I and my partner were in the sitting room when we heard footsteps in the room above us. We immediately thought there was someone in the house and I got up to investigate. I went upstairs armed with the fire poker and ready to meet someone that should not be there and do some serious damage to them, but on closer inspection I discovered there was no-one there.

I went from room to room and there was nothing wrong or out of place. When I returned down stairs I checked all the doors and they were locked. Nothing else happened that night and we went off to bed and thought no more about it. A few nights later we heard footsteps again and this different sound which was like someone constantly opening and closing a drawer. This sound lasted for about 30 seconds. I got up to investigate again but found nothing out of the ordinary. All this activity carried on for about 7 to 10 nights, when suddenly it stopped.

I and my partner joked that the ghost couldn't put up with us and left the house. Lately the noises have started up again and it is now affecting our daughter going to bed at night. She is a very happy and smiley baby but at night time she will start crying as soon as she is put down in her cot. When she finally settles and starts to fall asleep the footsteps will start and sometimes the opening and closing of the drawer will be heard but when the room is checked out there is nothing out of place. One Night I was finding it hard to sleep and suddenly heard footsteps in the hallway but again there was no-one or nothing there.

My partner is worried and concerned for our daughter and does not know what to do. We have placed a religious statue of the Virgin Mary in the baby's room and we are going to sprinkle Holy Water in the room.

Demons and Sleep Paralysis

Back in the 80's, I was a bit of a party girl. Hey nothing wrong with that, I was in my early twenties and liked to dance and live it up on the weekends. At that particular time, I lived with my sister Lucille in Whittier near Washington Blvd & Broadway. I would often come home pretty buzzed and would go right to sleep. That was the time that I would see, hear and feel "unexplainable visitors". My niece who was 5 at the time, says she would hear me talking to people and sometimes she would hear me laughing or crying. She assumed I was on the phone so she never gave it much thought (heck she was just 5 why would she). Crazy thing, is that I would also hear people and do remember talking to someone. Many a time I thought it was just the alcohol and that I was in that deep sleep that most drunk people get in when they hit the pillow and crash. But I know I wasn't dreaming. I heard the voice and I could hear my own voice as well. There were several times I could not get up and had my eyes open seeing someone coming down the hallway towards me. I was terrified and kept trying to move any part of my body or yell but I never could. And these were in the morning already so there was light in my room and all through the house.

One day I woke up to find I was being made love to. I'm not kidding, I could feel the darn thing inside me and felt the whole endorphin rush. I would also like to add that the sleep paralysis and conversations were not only when I would come home after partying. This would happen on normal, everyday work nights. My 5 year old niece told us one time that she saw a figure standing at her doorway looking in at her. She hid under the covers and passed out (fell asleep). In the morning she was full of sweat from being under the covers. It's a miracle she didn't suffocate. She said that she thought it was me coming home from a late night but I was already home and in bed. She is now 24 and she still swears she saw a figure looking in at her that night.

Well, one day I was just staring at the walls in my bedroom thinking and my God, if I didn't see faces of demons. The walls had wood paneling on them and yes, wood paneling is like the clouds where you can see several

different things in it. But I could actually see two forms of demons. I told my sister about that and she told me to keep quiet because she didn't want me scaring my niece. I really wonder if that had anything to do with all that... The wood paneling was taken down and they painted instead...

Fast forward now to 2003 and I am now living in Sun Valley (next to Burbank) with my sister Rose and we are in the process of packing up because she bought a house in Whittier near my mom. One Saturday morning, I woke up tired, cranky, irritable and just did not want to work. I did not feel like packing any boxes or cleaning or sweeping, I just didn't. I told my sister I was not feeling well, so she left me alone (I could tell she got pissed). So as I'm laying there on the bed (it was about 10:30am) I suddenly could not move. I could not scream and I could not think. One thing I could do was HEAR and I heard two distinct voices: One was a demonic woman that said "we should have never let you get away from us" - then a demonic man's voice that said "this time you will not get away from us".... I struggled and struggled and felt my mouth moving and calling my sister Rose, actually I know I was screaming her name - but she was downstairs in the garage and could in no way hear me. After what seemed like an eternity, the pressure suddenly left and I got up. I ran downstairs and asked Rose if she could hear me calling her name, she said No. I told her what happened and she said why didn't you pray to God? I said that I couldn't think, I was just too scared and it caught me off guard.

To this day I wonder who the heck those demons were and what they meant by "we should have never let you get away from us".... Was it the same forces that were tormenting me back at my sister Lucille's house in 1989? What's weird is that was the first time I actually heard a female demon voice because at Lucille's I always heard male voices.... Here we are in 2007 and every now and then I get the sleep paralysis but I am thoroughly prepared. I have dreams where I actually talk down the demons that are attacking me and act like some sort of super hero. I rebuke them in the name of Jesus Christ and it always works, they are defeated. For all of

you who have been having this happen to you, I notice that none of you rebuke the demons but instead try to fight them off or scream. Rebuking them in the name of Jesus Christ will send them fleeing, trust me, they are powerful words. I've always felt that there is some kind of power struggle going on for my soul. I have never done drugs or played with Ouija boards or anything like that, but I have been suffering from depression for a while now and I know that demons head straight for those that suffer from this. We are easy targets but we can defeat them with simply rebuking them in Jesus' name.

One time that sleep paralysis hit me, I could not remember the word "Rebuke" and I could not get those bastards off of me. I instead kept telling them in a sissy way to get off me and leave me alone. As you know, any bully hearing those words will just pound on you more. I notice that after the attacks are over, I am exhausted, both mentally and physically. But it seems that they have left me alone for now and I am somewhat at peace...

A funny thing did happen about 3 or 4 months ago though. I was sleeping on a day bed and one morning I got up a little too early for work, so I got up to turn off the alarm before it went off, because it is loud and always scares the heck out of me, and to put on my fuzzy booties. I then laid back down in bed but I scooted all the way towards the bottom of the bed so I could rest my feet up on the metal frame... I somehow managed to fall deep asleep again and was going to be late for work. I say "going to be late" because of the weird thing that happened next. Remember that I had my feet up on the metal frame so they were resting at the top right?. Well something, or someone, "whacked" my feet hard and it startled me awake. I sat up thinking someone was there like my mom, but I was alone... I know I felt it because it shook my whole body and I woke up. It was like some old mother coming by your bed and smacking you with that "get up you good for nothing lazy son of biscuit eater" attitude... But what amazed me was that I was awaken at the usual time that I get up (6am)... That, right there, proves it was no unusual coincidence because first of all, I felt the hard

whack and secondly it hit me at the exact time to get up... I have 3 cats that sleep in my room. At the time this happened I had my black cat laying next to me but she never reacted in any way at all like most animals do when they sense a ghostly presence... However this "thing" that whacked me did not seem evil, how do I know? I could just tell or rather I could just feel it. It seemed like a genuine, caring spirit like a guardian angel that people say we all have.

I live at home with my mom now and back in my old room from high school. Nothing weird has ever happened in that room except for the recent whacking of my feet that woke me up. I am not a church goer but I'm strongly anchored in my faith with God and pray to him all day long. I know that my faith protects me like an armor, but I also know I am weak in many areas, one of them being depression. Demons will look for any chink in the armor to break in and depression is one of their favorites so maybe that's why I always feel like I am in some sort of tug of war and have to constantly be on guard. I'm just glad I know now what I didn't know back in 1989 and I sure hope that those of you reading this will start rebuking the demons when you find yourself being pinned down or menaced...

Sleep Paralysis Or A Demon?

This happened early in March or April, but I had taken a new sleeping pill, but it didn't seem to be working. So at 11:30 I got up, used the restroom, and came back to my bed. The moment I lay on my back I had left this world. I couldn't not move, breathe or speak. Commonly known as sleep paralysis. My jaw was locked as I tried to scream. In my left ear was a horrible roaring, like some creature out of a movie.

In my mind I saw myself dancing with a man, a man in clothes from another century as was my gown. When that image faded I saw an ancient cathedral, with tolling bells in the distance. Eventually I was able to open

my eyes; it was as if my body has been released. But to my horror at the foot of my bed was a shadow.

Thick and black, seeming to have no shape, yet I saw a bald head, large dark eyes of obsidian and a leering grin. He/it just stood there and I closed my eyes for only a second but when I opened them again he was gone. I looked at the clock. Midnight. Only a half-hour had passed yet it felt like seconds. I was so scared I could only lie there under the covers, not daring to look back at the foot of my bed.

I don't know what he/it was, or why I've experienced sleep paralysis all my life, when the average person only has it about twice in their life. I've researched the topic many times, from the legends of a witch sitting on your chest, to the incubus that like to stalk the women at night.

Being an insomniac I have NEVER fallen asleep as fast as I did that night. I want to know more about what I saw and experienced.



Phone Call From Another World?

Friend of mine was on the phone with his girlfriend from Hong Kong and she was telling him how she received a phone call from a friend of her father looking for her father earlier in the afternoon. Her father was not home at that time so she quickly took the number down on the caller

display and let him know that her father will return the call when he returns.

It slipped her mind until she was sitting at the dinning table with her parents and she realized that she had forgotten to let her father know that his friend was looking for him. When she told him the name and phone number, both her parents looked at each other with a strange look in their faces. Her father asked her if she was certain that THIS person called and left THIS NUMBER. She asked why and her mother said because this friend of your father had passed away half a year ago and this phone number should have been disconnected already. However, her father insisted on calling the number to find out who it really was and of course, the phone was disconnected.

None of them spoke a word of it after the call and she proceed to call my dorm mate in Canada, retelling him what had just happened. (I was in his room when this event took place) My buddy thought she was just playing a practical joke on him so he just laughed it off and said "Oh really? The ghost friend of your father must be bored down there that's why he called" and as soon as he said it, we heard a big bang on his wall and static over the phone with a deep voice asked "WHO ARE YOU?" My friend asked his girlfriend if she heard it she said she didn't hear anything because the phone got cut out for a second. They quickly ended their conversation and I went to bed after because I did not want to get involved with bad spirits. My friend got sick the next day and we never brought it up ever again.

Poltergeist Nightmare

Growing up I had a troubled childhood, but the years between 12 and 14 years of age was the worst and that is when the following incidents take place.

My mother, stepfather and I had moved to a new house on the edge of the countryside. My stepfather was mentally and physically abusive to me and my mother at the time. I hated him and hated being at home if my parents were there. I would escape in my room, light candles and read about paranormal and pagan rituals. (I am not saying this caused anything. I am just explaining the mindset I was in.)

It wasn't long before bangs and knocks began and we all brushed it off as new houses settling, but they seemed to come from the floor walls and sometimes even the roof. As time went on, it was not uncommon for there to be the sound of footsteps thundering down the hall even if no one was in the house. It could be heard from the driveway.

As time went on the atmosphere at home got worse. I lived in fear of my stepfather. He would always fight with my mother. I would spend more and more time in my room when other people were home. It would be always cold in my room no matter what the season was. More and more weird things started to happen. I actually thought I was losing my mind.

There would be strange growling noises that always came from just outside whatever room I was in and when I would go and investigate nothing would be there. Outside my bedroom window at night I would hear an almost purring noise but it couldn't be a cat because it would be so loud the cat would have to be the same size of a German Shepherd. The noise would roll in and around the room making it vibrate. I would lay awake, too scared to move each night.

One day after school I was laying on the floor in front of the TV watching cartoons. When the shadow of someone behind me was reflected into the screen, I straightened up a bit because it looked like my stepfather. I hadn't

heard him come home. I turned around and there was no one there. I couldn't move, I was so frightened. I just stared into the empty space where I thought someone should be. I finally got the courage to turn back and the silhouette was still there. My breath caught in my throat as I watched the silhouette. I heard a cupboard in the kitchen open and then close. I was still in shock, unable to move, when something heavy smacked me in the back of the head and rolled onto the floor in front of me. It was a glass from the kitchen. I couldn't believe it. I shot up ran out the door and to the centre of town to catch a bus to my grandmother's house.

A few weeks after that incident, I was still staying with my grandmother. My mother was in my grandmother's kitchen in tears to tell me she was leaving my stepfather. I only went back to the house once after that to pack up my things. Things actually felt calmer in there, which was odd, but I was glad to be leaving.

At the time I thought I had lost my mind and didn't know what to make of it all, but now that I am older and wiser I realise that the festering emotions in the home and the dark head space I was in had caused a

poltergeist.



Scary Cyclist

We were driving from our home near Witham, Essex traveling to Ipswich where my daughter was training as a nurse. My wife was also with me in the car. It was getting near dusk but visibility was good. As we were traveling down a hill on a dual carriageway near the Essex/Suffolk border, there suddenly appeared a cyclist traveling towards us in the outside lane coming towards us going the wrong way. This cyclist was dressed in Edwardian clothes with a long dress and straw hat. She was riding a sit-up-and-beg type of ancient bicycle with a basket on the front.

This apparition was seen by my wife and my daughter. We were traveling at about 50 mph and had no time to take evasive action as the cyclist

flashed past the offside of the car. There was no collision thankfully and we were all a bit shocked. The strange thing is that there were no slip roads anywhere near whereby the cyclist could have got onto the road and anyway why would anyone in their right mind want to cycle the wrong way down a fast road? We looked behind us expecting to see the cyclist disappearing up the road but there was nothing to be seen. It occurred to us that there might be a spirit haunting this particular place, perhaps the result of an accident which occurred when the road was just a single track before it was widened and dualled.



Desperate Spirit

On March 25th 2010, I was lying on my bed, getting ready to sleep. As I close my eyes I notice a dark shadow pass over my face. This happened very often at the ending of that month, but I pay no mind to this paranormal shadow.

On April 12th 2010, my boyfriend and I had an argument concerning our relationship. I cried the entire night and I refused to speak with him. He woke up at 5:00am to prepare for work and he gave me a kiss on my cheek, with tears in his eyes because I told him I didn't love him anymore and that I wish he would die. He said "I love you baby, please forgive me, please!", crying and pouring out his heart. I turned away crying with no response and he left for work. I quickly fell asleep because I didn't rest well that night.

Not long after I fell asleep I saw the "dark shadow" pass across my face again, only this time I heard a voice. The voice cried "baby please love me again, I love you sweetie, stop hurting me baby, baby please". I was shocked that the voice I heard was my boyfriend's voice, and I was terrified when I looked at the side of my bed... I saw my boyfriend stooping with his head down and he was naked! I could not see his face. I was so scared I turned my head away because I knew my boyfriend was at work. What was that I was seeing?!

As I turned away I saw the shadow over me again and I felt the weight of a person lying on my chest. I began praying and running this paranormal spirit away. Fortunately it left me immediately... I sat on my bed gasping for breath!

Different Demon Encounters At Takysie Lake

When my mother and I were in British Columbia Canada in 2009, we had an AWESOME time finding different free camping areas. Some were FANTASTIC places such as Tchesinkut Lake; One of the most pristine lakes in British Columbia. I only say this place because not far from Tchesinkut Lake there's a different lake called Takysie Lake.

At Takysie Lake my mother, myself and kid should have never camped there. First of all there was a stench that would gush out all of a sudden out of nowhere and then be gone. It smelled like crap! UGH! It was bad, especially since there was no fresh poop in the area to be found. One warning I should have taken account of knowing very well that that's what demons/imps smell like.

When we first went there my mom said, "Hey its feels eerie here, we're so remote and I don't like the way it smells here you sure you want to stay here? We can go back towards Burns Lake and go camping someplace else." I should have said yes, but my stubborn self replied back to her, "I don't feel like driving anymore, it's getting dark out here and by the time we're done settin up camp it will be dark out." So we set up camp and I thought nothing of it.

We used the lake to wash our hands and clean our dinner dishes. That night it was easy to use. Nothing bothered us. No ants, no natural anything, not even people. What kind of freaked me and my mother out was this place going towards the lake on a little path to the side of it in the ground looked as if there was a shallow grave. I didn't want to go dig through it and find out it was true so we never bothered it.

To use the toilet I personally never went in the outhouse to go. It was so remote that even though there was plenty of open space and plains hardly anyone would drive by. I didn't want to freak out because of spiders and their webs. I hate spiders so I would just go behind the outhouse (away from the road) and do my business. When relieving myself next to the outhouse I notice writing on it. Nothing I could make out really, it seemed washed out. I'm sort of glad I couldn't read it. I could only imagine it was something very unpleasant.

That night was HORRIFYING! I woke up in fear because I heard what sounded like a bear not far off. The first thoughts that came to mind were, "Oh gosh, that bear might come to our tent, ravish the only protection between us and it which is only polyester, and eat us." It kept me up for the longest time; for as long as I was awake until I looked at my mom and daughter and realized if they were not scared why should I be? Calming myself down took about an hour before going back to sleep.

Later after we were out of that place my mom told me her horrifying story of the experience she got. My mom said in the middle of the night she heard a pack of wolves running around the tent! In Alaska my mom is never scared of any kind of animal. There usually checking out campsites or whatever out of shear curiosity. When they do my mom has an ability to "feel" what they're trying to say; "We're just curious, we're not going to harm you." But at that camp site she didn't get anything good feeling from them. She knew that if she tried to say "HA! GO AWAY! LEAVE US ALONE!" that they might tear the tent and us to shreds. There was nothing at all curious feeling from them. Pure evil is the best way she could explain it. My mother told me that the only way she was brave enough to not say anything, not even move a muscle is because we looked so peaceful sleeping.

Is it coincidental that my mother and I woke up in fear of our lives but with different experiences? Mine for example being what sounded like a bear so loud that I thought sooner or later my mom had to hear it, but she didn't. My mother asked me if I woke that night from the sound of those "wolves" but I was oblivious to her experience.

Not long ago my mother and I talked about our experience in Canada. She told me the best explanation so far. The reason why we were woken in fear was because they were demons trying to scare us so that we would wake up and leave their sacred area.

Well when morning finally hit, we didn't get much sleep. We made our breakfast as fast as we could and packed it all up. What was weird was there were these two people out in a boat on the lake always staring at us. I tried to wave at them like a "good morning" kind of wave but they just kept on staring. Sort of like we-were-on-their-territory-and-they-didn't-like-that-we-were-camping-there sort of stares.

So I tried to get back to what I was going to the lake for, washing my breakfast dishes but looking at the water it was pitch black; nothing like the night before. I lift my arms up and move my shadow on the black water and the blackness moves a different direction. I dip my hands in the water and its all little black tadpoles. As a kid in Sitka Alaska I remember the tadpoles being of green weird color and I'm only able to find them randomly. Not so dark and black that it made the water look black. Soon the water has little green dots so I'm guessing its tadpole poop, it accumulates right in front of my eyes and it's so odd. I walk back to my mom and tell her that I'm unable to wash the dishes. My mom has a knack for cleanliness so she takes the dishes to a different part of the lake which was a lot harder to get to and tells me to go load up the car.

I start loading it up with the breakfast things and all the bedding we used that night. When my mom came back from washing the dishes she tells me she found ant nests... Were people from Alaska where ant nests are underground and little holes with maybe an ant trail but that's about it. She told me that the ant nest she found was humming like a bee hive and was about 6 feet in diameter and about 4 feet high. And that's not it; she not only found one she found two! Weird to have ant nests in a place where hardly anyone goes at all to feed them and their living it large.

When it's time to take down the tent the ants made sure that I knew they were there. They kept on biting me and only me. Never my mom and never

my kid, thank God.

There was no place to get potable water so the next stop to get water was some weird dilapidated over expensive snack shop. My mom happened to go find a door that was the wrong entrance and what she saw in there was something pitiful.

There was this one preacher I knew of from Africa named Eehambe (spelling? Now living someplace in Canada) who used to be a warlock. He told me that he used to be able to do things with his body that other people couldn't, like travel from one place to another with just the thought of the mind. I asked him, "Why don't you do it anymore? I mean why didn't you do it more often?" Eehambe told me, "You can't do something like that without losing something of yourself, usually something like that would make a witch or warlock old and unhealthy looking."

So back to what my mother saw in the wrong entrance empty room; she saw an old lady that looked as if she was dead rocking in a rocking chair. Lots of wrinkles and a greenish hue to her skin, rags for clothes, my mother felt sorry for her because it looked as if no one was taking care of her. Freaked out my mom hurried up and closed the door and called out to me asking where I was. I think what my mom saw was a witch of some sort who got a high on doing whatever she did best and lost her age in the process.

I think that some witches and warlocks love to use the free use camping areas that hardly anyone knows about. I only say this because my mother and I had a different experience on the John Hart Highway, but not as exciting as the Demon Encounters at Takysie Lake.



Occupied

My boyfriend and I were looking for an apartment because the one we were in was too close to the highway and therefore very loud. We decided to check out an open house in a neighborhood we wanted to live in.

The apartment was everything we wanted. While my boyfriend talked to the landlord, I walked around alone, mentally decorating as I usually do. I went to the bedroom and was pleased that the closet took up one entire wall. I stood in the middle of the room with an open window to my left that let in a lot of light. Curious as to how much closet space there was, I

went to open the doors and the instant I put my hands on the door knobs, an image flashed in my head.

Have you ever been so engrossed in a day dream that you are staring off into space, not really looking at what is in front of you? Well that's what it was like in that heartbeat I touched the door. The difference is that I didn't ask for that image. What I saw was either a man from the waist up so drenched in blood that no features were recognizable or it was a man that had been completely skinned and I was seeing muscle.

I gasped and let go of the closet door. My first thought is that I have been watching too many crime shows (anything to rationalize, right?) I didn't know what to do so I went to the next set of closet doors. There was nothing inside, but I said "hello" to the empty room. I then walked back to the living room. My boyfriend was still talking to the elderly landlord, but I didn't listen to a word. I looked back down the hallway to the bedroom and even though I couldn't physically see someone there, my mind's eye saw a man standing in the hallway. He wasn't angry or happy. All I sensed was that he was curious. I felt he was curious about this person that knew he was there. I wasn't curious about him and I no longer felt comfortable there.

My boyfriend, however, was thrilled with the place. He was very excited about it so I didn't tell him right away what happened. I just told him that I was uncomfortable being there. That night, I had a dream that I was standing in the room. Everything was completely silent and black and white. It was sunny just like it had been earlier. In the morning, I told my boyfriend what had happened, but that if he really wanted the apartment, we could take it. Part of me wanted to still believe I was just being silly.

I was with my boyfriend when he called the landlord. The conversation seemed casual, but at one point my boyfriend looked at me sharply. He hung up the phone and told me that the landlord has said that since we were taking the apartment, he was legally obligated to tell us that someone had died in the apartment. It turns out that a man had a heart attack in the apartment.

I tried to be accepting and understanding, but I didn't think that I could handle living there with ghost. Even though my boyfriend doesn't believe in ghosts, he didn't want to live with me living with a ghost. So I asked that he call the landlord back and tell him that we wouldn't be taking that apartment after all.



Old Apartment Building

My story began about 30yrs ago in Cleveland. I was pretty young in the late 70's and didn't know much about ghosts or ghost stories as of yet. My

older sisters would see that I became very intimate with such things soon enough. But that's another story.

My family and I lived in an old apartment building during the 70's which was recently labeled as a historical landmark. The building was built in 1897 if I'm not mistaken and was somewhat run down. It was a three story brick building with the atrium being located in the enclosed center of the building. This made it possible for one to see almost any apartment in the building from the center of the atrium. It also had a basement which was split in half. One side for doing laundry, and the other side god knows what. I never did seem to see what was on the other side of the door. There were two main entrances to the building, one in the front, facing the street and the other on the side of the building which also led to the basement. The front entrance had a huge very wide stairway with the railing made of spindles which were spaced just the right size for a hand to reach through and grab a leg. There was also a very dark short hallway which went along side of this staircase as well. My sisters and I would always hate having to go in either entrance after a certain time of the day, it was just very foreboding.

So far there hasn't been too much in my story that was scary, but let me begin by telling you that I still have dreams to this day 30yrs later about things that occurred there. For instance, one day my sisters and some other kids were playing ball on the side of the building leading to the basement. The ball was kicked towards the front of the building in the street and I happened to go after it. While walking towards the street I noticed something out of the corner of my eye coming down from the top of the building and heard a weird sound like someone had poured a pitcher of water onto the cement from the 3rd floor. No sooner do I grab the ball from the street and start walking back do I notice something laying on the sidewalk in the front of the building. From what I can remember after walking towards the object it appeared to be a baby. Not only did it appear to be a baby, but it was the baby that lived upstairs from where I lived.

Somehow this child managed to work its way out of the window and onto the sidewalk below. This child was not tall enough in my opinion to work itself up and over the window sill but none the less here it was laying and dying in front of my eyes.

Another situation that I recall happening was that upstairs in front of the same apartment as the one where the baby fell out of the window, a woman had a heart attack in the hallway and died on the spot. I was pretty young but I do recall seeing the ambulance drivers wheeling a gurney out through the front entrance of the building with a body wrapped in a white sheet.

After these two incidences things seem to heat up in my life. One day I was looking out of the front window of my apartment down at a car with what appeared to be some type of weird face looking up at me from underneath. It was just barely dusk but it seemed as if this face was very humanlike yet the rest of the body was crouched like an animal. I tried to make sounds and scream at it but there was no movement coming from it. I still to this day replay that sight in my mind trying to figure out what I was looking at but haven't a clue.

Another weird situation was one night when we were sitting in the apartment watching the television. My parents used to keep it dark because we had little money and electricity wasn't that cheap. Well we were all sitting there and all of a sudden we notice there was a black cat in the room where we were watching tv. We didn't own any pets so the cat didn't belong to us. This cat found its way into our apartment scaring the heck out of all of us.

There were many more weird things like noises throughout the apartment at night and things being misplaced. The worst thing is the

recurring dreams I still have about something watching me as I walk through the hallways but never being able see what exactly is watching me.



Man Through The Mirrior

My family has always been able to see ghosts, and I hoped that I would not be a part of that, but sadly I was no exception. When my family first moved to America about 21 years ago they bought a house that was sort of old and run down. But since they had no money their options were limited. Before my parents moved in, many other people had lived there and they really didn't know the history of the house either. Turns out the house had A LOT of history.

I had lived there my whole life and up until I was about 8 nothing paranormal had ever happened to me personally. However my mom would feel things like when my dad would come home late from work. Because he was out drinking and they would argue and she would sleep on the couch in the living room. In the middle of the night she would feel something on her chest, it was really heavy and it was almost like it was choking her, and she couldn't move she was paralyzed. Then all of a

sudden it would just disappear the weight was gone and she could move again. After that she never slept on the couch again

This one really creped me out, I would hear my mom call me and it sounded just like her, like she was right outside my door. At the same time my mom would hear me call her and when we went to find each other, turns out she hadn't called me and I hadn't called her. We shrugged it off at the time but afterwards and after all the things we felt and always having the feeling that someone was watching you, we started to think that we weren't the only ones living in this house.

Now this last story I'm about to tell you is really hard for me because I don't really like to talk about it, But it's the reason why I'm writing this story. When I was about 10 I was sitting at the computer desk and if you turn around you can see the reflection of the bathroom in the mirror on the wall. So I was on the computer and I turned around and through the mirror I saw a man. He wasn't an apparition or a shadow. He looked like a real person, he didn't have a shirt on only pants and he was sitting on the toilet (but he wasn't using it though) just staring at me the one thing that scared me the most were his eyes. They were huge and they scared the crap out of me. I was so scared I couldn't move a muscle to scream for help so I just sat there and stared at him for about 5 minutes. Then I blinked and he was gone, he just vanished out of nowhere.

Shortly after, we moved to a new house with no previous owners. I tried to forget all about the strange man in my bathroom. I had chalked it up to being a nightmare, that the man wasn't real. I had completely forgot about him until recently which is 7 years later when my sister brought up that she use to see a ghost in our old house. A man sitting on the toilet with no shirt on and huge eyes.



Married To A Ghost

This is a completely true experience, not one word of a lie, this is not my own experience but an experience of one of my close relatives, my great aunt called (Mareshna), she lives now and is 89 years of age, and when I went to visit her in cocas island, she showed me many pictures and videos of herself. But she always said that there was someone else in the picture, she was old and a bit crazy and she lived on her own, but as she said she lived with her husband.

She was never married and didn't have any children, but had 2 cats, she said to me she may sound a bit crazy but this is completely true; that she was living with her husband (karvyn-novakalos) and her 3 children happily in her big house. We only found out about my great aunt in November 2003, so we didn't know much about her life before we met her.

She told me many stories about her and her husband and how they lived a happy marriage, she told me at first she was never able to see her husband but could touch him and feels him, and she thought god was playing some sort of a trick on her by blinding her in her eyes. She then carried on talking about how she had got married in her garden her and her husband alone with a vicar who thought she was crazy because she was marrying someone that she couldn't physically see, but she said she had spent 3 years with him experiencing sexual and normal relationships so she had got used to the matter.



Return Of My Night-time Stalker

It has been a long time since I posted anything on the site. To tell you the truth all went very quiet for while with the exception of a few bumps in the night as well day and the odd silhouette passing by the window in the garden.

In between my last submission and this one, my beautiful tabby, Inca, disappeared. It will be a year in a couple of months. How I miss my Inca - my boss cat. We still call for me, "inci come on num num" in the hope he will come running through the trees and into my arms. I still have hope he will come back. In the meantime I pray for his safety everyday and that he is happy wherever he may be. Smoky is no longer a little terror. He appears to have taken on the role of Inca - Smoky is always close to home, very attached to me and of course a lot calmer now. He was a little menace when he was little. The other thing, I changed bedrooms! My son has moved into what was my bedroom and we have moved into his.

Since Inca disappeared and the bedroom swaps everything seemed to have quietened down apart from the occasional bumps here and there and

of course the silhouette that passes my window. Everything around me was calm and there seemed to be peace and positive energy surrounding our home as well as in our home. Little did I know this would be short lived and the peacefulness, the tranquility would be taken away from me just as quickly as it was given to me.

Saturday 18th September 2010 - My day started brilliantly. I was up about 8 in the morning. I had done all the chores that needed doing. I was making a coffee when Smoky came meowing into the kitchen. He needed feeding. As I was bent down putting his food into his bowl, I suddenly jolted up and looked directly at the window which I had only opened maybe half an hour earlier. I stared at it for a good 30-45 seconds. The feeling of uneasiness had settled deep within the core of my stomach. Pushing the feeling aside I looked at Smoky who was also staring at the window. "Come on smoky, birdie num num". Smoky continued staring at the window once again I repeated "smoky, come on birdie num num". Smoky looked at me, walked to his bowl. Started to eat stopped once again looked at the window at which point I turned around and said "awww does the window bother you being open? No problem Poky I'll close it". I closed the window. Yes I know I sound nuts, but hey you have to be nuts to live in this world! Thereafter my day went flawlessly. I went shopping. I went to see my friend. I got home maybe around 6pm by which time our guest had arrived from Amsterdam who was spending the weekend with us.

About 7pm my partner and our guest decided to go out for some drinks. I declined the offer. I was actually looking forward to having a couple of hours of me time. After much persuasion they ended up going without me. I told them both to take their time but to text me when they were on the way back, so I could get dinner on.

As soon as I had closed the door after them, I jumped into the shower. I just stood under the shower for what seemed like a lifetime. I eventually

got out towel wrapped around me, walked into the living and as soon as I set myself down on the sofa, the feeling of uneasiness set itself again deep within the core of my stomach. I looked around, took a deep breath and started to dry myself my eyes looking out into the garden, around the living making sure nothing was untoward. Fully dry and clothed, I decided to burn some incense to relax the atmosphere and energy around me. However on burning the incense, my brother turned up who complained about the incense and the smoke so I had to open the garden door, put the burning resin in the garden. As uneasy as I felt I did it. It was at that point I started to feel sick. I was a little unbalanced and my head had started pounded. I sat with my brother and although we were joking I felt uncomfortable and found myself looking at certain spots in the living room. The garden door which was open because I was waiting for the incense to burn out made me feel very nervous as it was dark outside now. I got up checked the incense which was almost out, picked up the brass burner, brought it back inside and slammed the door shut. My head was pounding by this time. I took the burner into the kitchen. Put it down now to the temple and took two painkillers. My energy had dropped I really was in no mood to do anything but to get to bed to sleep this feeling off in the hope it was just a nasty bug I had got wishful thinking.

The guys returned home about 10pm. I made them dinner. My brother left about 11pm. I sat with the guys until 2am by which time I was ready to be sick, my headache although not pounding now was a little niggle. I said my good nights and went to lie down. Smoky came in as I made myself comfortable and parked himself on the floor near the door. The uneasiness feeling made me close my eyes and then open them and search the room like an antenna waiting to pick up a signal of some sort. I don't know exactly what time I drifted off, but I woke a few times from bad dreams. Before I knew it was 9am Sunday morning. The feeling of dread was firmly embedded deep inside me. My energy was everywhere, I was drained and the headache was still there. The guys were up shortly after me so I cooked them breakfast. I cleaned, and went for a walk. I could not figure out why this feeling of dread, why the paranoia.

Our guest left about 6pm. I showered, and settled myself on the sofa. I watched a little television with my son. My partner was working in the studio. Before I knew it was 9.30pm. My son went off into his room and I was left on my own in the lounge. I got my pillow and a blanket and thought I would watch some telly on my own. I lay on the sofa, one of the windows was open and I could feel the breeze blowing in. Although it was an icy breeze, it was somewhat refreshing. Whilst lying on the sofa, smoky decided to jump in through the window which scared the living daylights out of. He looked around, looked at me meowed something and went straight in to the kitchen to eat. I got up closed the window and went back to lie on the sofa. Smoky came back in jumped on my back as I was lying on my stomach and we both lay their watching the TV. Not long after maybe about 5 minutes, Smoky got up and jumped on the window pane, sat there and just stared out of the window every now and then you would hear him growl, another cat no doubt. I on the other hand, found myself tossing this way, that way, looking at the window, in the corners of the lounge. I could not shift that uneasy feeling. I must have fallen asleep on the sofa when, what time I really don't know.

Lying on my side facing the wall, I felt his arm on my waist, I tried to get out of his grip but couldn't. The strange thing was as his arm went around my waist and his hand touched my stomach, I felt like it was penetrating into my body, it hurt at which point I said "don't". I grabbed his arm and moved it away without any resistance from him. A few seconds passed and again I felt him embrace me. His touch again felt like it was penetrating my body; it was as if our bodies were merging into one. It hurt a little more than the first time and with aggression I again said "Don't, leave me alone". Without any resistance, he once again moved away. I lay on the sofa unable to move, I could feel the breeze blowing through the window. I wanted to move but fear had completely paralyzed me. My eyes closed I once again felt him touch my waist, his hand slowly sliding towards my stomach. I could feel his body painfully trying to slip into mine. I screamed out crying this time "Leave me alone", and which point my partner came in

and like always comforted me. He stroked my hair, calmed me down and reassured me there was nothing to worry about it was just a dream. I know it was not a dream, I have been here before. I lay back on the sofa, my partner left the hallway light on made sure I was ok before he went back into the studio. I fell asleep but woke at some point to use the loo. I got up slowly started walking to the loo when my hair was pulled by someone from behind me. I turned around quickly heart ready to beat of out my chest, expecting to see what or who only to know nothing or no-one would be there. No one was. I closed the window completely shut. Shaking I went to the loo unable to believe that my night-time stalker has come back.

Violent Ghost Attack in Dream

This whole experience seemed 100% real as it was happening in my mind, I assume it must have been a dream but it was, by far and away, the most realistic dream/nightmare I have encountered.

I, what I thought was, awoke from a deep sleep, with trouble breathing, as though something had its hands wrapped around my neck, I opened my eyes to see this person, who was under my covers, sitting knees first down on top of my chest choking my throat, with their knees holding my arms down. I couldn't see a face straight away. I tried screaming for help from my wife who was working on the computer in the adjoining room, but was unable to mutter much more than a faint murmur, due to the being's hands wrapped around my throat.

After several minutes of trying to fight this being off my body, I finally got a hand free to knock on the wall to attract my wife to come for help, where I was able to somewhat fight this being off my body until my wife came in and I was then able to see this beings face for the first time, looked like a blond female's face who had been drowned. My wife finally helped me get this being off me and as I got up to hug her and turned around the being was gone.

I got my wife to come to bed with me and we held each other close, and finally slowly dozing off again, I realized that this being was back and that it was not my wife. I felt a surge of pressure being applied to my body by this being, as it once again tried to sit down on top of my chest, while I was fighting this being, I assume I passed out.

What seemed to be about 5 minutes later, I physically woke up, for real, this time, threw my covers off, turned on the light and headed straight for my wife in the next room. I told her about my experience and she could see I was quite shaken up about it, I asked her about things like did she hear me scream? Did she come in to help me? To which she didn't.

All I could put this down to was a dream, but after reading similar stories on the net, wonder if it could be more of a sleep paralysis syndrome? I take antihistamines before sleep, but have done so for well over 10 years now, with no previous occurrence of this at all. I have had what I believe contact with the paranormal before, although previous times have been when I was well and truly awake. I have had about a month ago what I believe to be a real ghost "good" dream with my deceased grandfather.

CONCLUSION

No one escapes being haunted by something that absolutely terrifies them to the core, but very few feel it's okay to admit what it is that haunts us.

If you have a paranormal story to share ,please visit our website

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"Unpleasant dreams"

Johnny Paris .

based on A true story

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